

# Gordon's Stash The Times Before Black Mesa

by Mag8889

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Summary: - STORY DISCONTINUED - Long, long time ago, when Gordon F. was just a man like any other! And he was not a hero or a role model ; Just a genius student with a cash shortage!

## 1. Chapter 1

The dark space of the elevator shook a bit, before opening the door. In front of him, there was an old fashioned corridor, just like in these classical hotels. He wanted to step out, despite overwhelming feeling, there was something wrong with the space outside. Air felt much too cold and he could hear his own breath.

White walls covered with fancy ornaments seemed to glow with an odd, bluish shade. An abrupt discharge of electricity went from one wall to another. He backed off and thought, how the hell that could happen.

When he glanced again, the corridor was filled with low, buzzing static and the glowing became more greenish. He decided to get closer again and check out this phenomenon, but he hit an invisible wall. The elevator door was open but he was kept inside, apparently to be just a spectator of this unusual sight. It got even colder and intense glow filled the air behind the invisible barrier, so he had to squint. However, he didn't back off.

Through the fog and intensifying greenish flashes, he could distinguish a vague shape that looked almost like a man in a suit. He could swear there was a tie on the figure's neck.

And then he heard a powerful, creepy and bizarre laugh! It was coming from inside of the elevator. He looked around and saw nothing but dark and heavy wooden walls, gleaming in the twilight. He felt a bit stunned and could not stand straight. The cackle continued, so he started shouting. He wanted to make the voice stop, to say what it wanted. Then he banged on the walls. The laugh was so loud now, he

could barely hear the deep thuds of his hands hitting the wood.

He turned back to see the scary corridor and saw a pale face of-

“Mister Freeman” | “Accented the voice.

Gordon moaned with terror. He wasn't able to open his eyes immediately.

“Freeman, hey! Calm down man!” Said someone too familiar.

“Oh my God!” Replied Gordon, barely coming back alive again. “Shit” | “He rubbed his eyes and sat down on the couch. “What the fuck.. What kind of dope was that?”

“Cool down Gordy! You're safe now.”

“Don't call me like that!” Yelled Gordon totally conscious now and very, very dissatisfied. “This shit gives me nightmares!”

“But it's daytime, man! Sorry man” | “You know I cannot guarantee the effect on everybody.” Replied his roommate.

He looked exactly how a stoner should look like. Except he never behaved like one. But he kept his hood on his head almost all the time. Even now in their apartment. And it was summer!

“I'm not buying this from you ever again! From now on it's just legal stuff!” Said Freeman to himself, scratching his not very well combed hair. Well, more like a mess of hair.

“Oxycodone!” Singed his friend and whistled.

“At least I know what to expect from it!”

“Aspirine for nerds! Sucker!” Said Toby, taking off his shoes threw them into the corner of the room.

“Don't start it Toby!” | “Freeman gave him a sharp look. His friend felt a cold chill on his neck.

Sometimes Gordon really creeped him out, and it had been happening always when he was sober. Ironic and not that rare as you would think.

“So, what's going on?” Asked Freeman, laying back on the couch again.

“Well” | “You got my stash?” Replied unhooded student.

“Give me some time” | “I'm working on it.”

“Come on Gordon!” Toby got impatient. “I'm giving you so much of my stuff almost for free! And you know the right people” | “

“But this is not a freakin aspirine. Give me some time!”

“A week!”

“Fine!” Freeman got really irritated. He was working on getting this precious substance for quite a while now, although it was such a delicate case. It was almost not worth a risk of being removed from the university. But he needed cash.

They both sighed.

And there was a knock on the door. And an immediate repeat of it but much harder.

Gordon skipped to grab his pants and pulled on a t shirt in a very clumsy manner. The dope must be still working a bit

Toby rushed to the door but waited for his friend to get dressed. He reminded quiet and just signaled Freeman to fix his glasses right. So he adjusted them with shaking hands.

Toby reached the door handle and the hard knock repeated even louder.

“I know that you're there, Freeman!” Shouted a bit muted voice from behind the door. A voice of a middle aged man, obviously a man who came for justice.

“Shiiiiit!” Whispered Gordon with regret on his face.

“I'm not sticking out my neck for you this time, Gordy.” Murmured his friend.

The knocking and shouting from the outside repeated frantically.

“Don't call me like that! Just open the fucking door! I'll handle that!” He said it with a bit doubtful determination. Toby could see, that his friend had lost quite a bit of his usual cockiness. A really sad view.

He almost strained his hand when opening the door.

Suddenly Gordon jumped in front of him and said something that his friend was sure to be a lie.

## 2. Chapter 2

Gordon's Stash by Mag889

part 1.5

“It wasn't me at the garage Mr Sears! I swear!” He exclaimed with an authentic grief with his eyes opened wide and blazing emerald glow as if they got lit from the inside suddenly.

Mr Sears got caught off guard for a second or two, stopping his grumbling and just staring at Gordon, stunned.

Toby just sipped in some air, trying not to burst out with laugh. He had seen his friend making this green eyes trick so many times before. Always worked! Like he had some magical lanterns inside of his skull. It always worked, especially on girls...

"Shut up Freeman!" Older man woke up from a trance. "You can leave your sneaky lies to women you bring here. I'm not your fuckin date!" He pointed at Gordon and the student backed off.

Toby burted out with laugh.

"Listen, you... Freak." Gordon remained quiet, obviously, even more downsized in his mind. "You're gonna remove this... Freaky thing from the basement! Or I'm calling the police!"

"Shit." Said Gordon when the landlord was walking away. "I'm not gonna finish my experiment..." He sounded pretty much sad.

He walked away from the door and shrugged his shoulders. "Fuck!"

"Experiemnt? I though you're just making alcohol." Said surprised Toby.

"I was counting for a day or three to finish my... stuff."

"What is that?" Asked even more curious friend.

He wanted to seat next to Freeman but his friend's look said it all. No Freeman for toby today.

"Okay... I'll just... I'lll..."

"Well..." Replied Gordon unexpectedly. "It is alcohol for you, for me it's an experiment! I was hoping for something with unusual flavouring properties." And he blinked.

Toby understood that. "No way, unusual flavour! Tell this to your mom, but don't convince me it's just a normal tincture!"

"We'll see. Now I'm screwed up! I was hoping he won't visit the basemnt for next few weeks. There's freakin mess down there!" Gordon finally found something to comb his hair. A brush of uncertain origin was lying on the cabinet, so he just grabbed it. "I swear, I'll cut my hair one day."

"No way man! Hippies rule!"

"I have enough of people... police thinking I'm a drug dealer!"

### 3. Chapter 3

"Well...There is no reason they shouldn't think so." Summed up Toby and Gordon almost kicked him. Almost, as smart ass jumped back.

"Whoa! Calm down, man! you're much too sensitive!"

Auburn haired student just rolled his eyes and quickly headed to the door.

He heard some muffled sounds of dissapiontment from behind, because Toby would not be included into upcoming affair.

Gordon hurried to a location known only by a few people from the neighbourhood. He was late but needed to pay this visit anyway... He looked around nervously, wondering if he should have taken a car, but the thing was, it was either too close and just didn't pay right now. Besides, technically, the car still kinda belonged to his "ex-girlfriend". Just technically.

"He you, Gordo!" Shouted a deep voice from not far away.

Gordon swore in his mind although he hoped to see the man in here, right around that time. The late time. Kinda being affraid to look into his eyes, he took a semi-deep breath and waited.

3...2...

"Hey, you motherfucker!" It came up pretty close.

He felt like all his muscles tense. But he had it!

1...

"Hello, Olivier!" The other man got stunned for a second, before an angry frown showed up on his chocolate face.

>He took a look at a bearily visible street as if people far away would hear his real name. No one cared...<p>

"One more like that and you won't be able to use your smart ass brain, whitey." The big guy gave him a heavy look, though somewhat confused.

>Dealing with Gordon always brought this undefined feeling of uncertainty, even though he seemed perfectly sane. At least the most sane among all his clients so far. And he usually paid.<p>

"Well, Fat J! Just don't forget the n at the end of my name and we'll be fine!" Gordon crossed arms on his chest and tried to be taller. "I have a new business for you."

"Don't forget to bring rest of the stuff next time we meet. What the hell do you want this time, crazy boy?"

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"Wake up! Asshole!

A sudden sound did not wake him up. It was the ending of a dream that let him shocked and somewhat scared of briefcases and for some reason, ties. But this initially severe feeling instantly diluted like fog in the wind.

>He squinted his eyes as sharp light tore apart the perfect darkness that he loved so much.<p>

He tried to scare off invisible ghosts away from his face but a material hand grabbed him for a second, so he would stop.

>He heard a very quiet whisper and maybe a laugh and someone pushed glasses on his face so he automattically fitted them to his nose. Not much help.<p>

"Who the hell let you in?!" He growled with his throat a bit sore and

not fully operational. The head wasn't that operational too.  
>But he was ready to fight.<p>

"We let ourselves in, Gordo! Get your ass up and we'll have our business done!"

"Jesus Christ! Couldn't you call me first?!"

Freeman tilted his head and closed his eyes, like it was some kind of an unbelievable dream.

"So you two can just enter this apartment whenever you want?" He tried to make his booting brain to make a logical conclusion.

"Yeah, to sniff your coke and wash your car!"

The intruder turned down the light and Gordon was able to crawl off the bed, while hearing Toby's intense snoring. This guy could just sleep in during a bombarding! He never complained of any bad trips either!

Feeling kinda jealous of his friend calmly realising his dopey dreams, he put on clothes that were lying around in some kind of a pattern.

It seemed that two guests were pretty patient. Gordon wasn't sure how fast or slow he was moving but he felt that he needs to wake up before they get to the deal. Fat J told him to be ready anytime. There was no time to lose.

"And who is that guy with you?" Asked Freeman while closing the door carefully. He couldn't remeber how his "friend" could get the freaking key!

"That's Eddie." Replied big black guy.

End  
file.